

## sweater weather by dramaqueenminyard

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Fluff, Getting Together, Other, Sweaters, happy fall!, they're in high school, will and el are bffs and sweater thieves, will and el have a ton of inside jokes

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers/Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

All of Mike's sweaters have gone missing. Somehow, this sets off a chain of events.

## **sweater weather**

Mike was cold. That isn't necessarily a new thing; it was typical Hawkins weather, after all.

He had woken up cold. His feet were chilly even before they touched the nearly ice cold floor. In his head, he went over a list of his favorite sweaters. There was the navy blue one with the brown elbow patches, or maybe the dark green one with the little white Christmas trees. It was never too early to be festive, anyway. He thinks he has a dark red one that his Grandma gave him last year, but it might be too short in the wrists. That's been a recurring problem these days.

He opened his closet door wide and pushed the heaviest coats and too small shirts hanging in the middle aside. He checked the right- no sweaters. He checked the left- still no sweaters. He pulled a hoodie out his closet. It would have to do.

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"Holly, I like your bear's sweater." Nancy said, as she settled down for breakfast.

Mike's head swiveled to look at his little sister and more importantly, her bear. Sure enough, the stuffed animal was wearing (or more accurately, was draped in) his red sweater. One sweater found, two to go.

~

Mike elbowed past the sea of high schoolers swarming near his locker.

"High school fucking sucks." Dustin declared, dodging the particularly sharp looking elbow of a passing student. Behind him, Lucas had a death grip on his notebook.

"He's writing love notes for his girlfriend." Dustin told Mike with an exaggerated eye roll.

"Not true! She's just a friend." "Ohh, a 'friend'." Dustin wiggled his

eyebrows.

Lucas shoved his arm. Their playful rough-housing faded into the background as Mike watched El and Will walk up. His two favorite people, now in matching... in matching sweaters? Except, Will's was a little more blue than green, and El's had little white Christmas trees-hang on.

Those are his sweaters!

Mike froze. His, well, *thing* for both El and Will was something he could typically ignore. He could usually shrug past the way his stomach filled up with butterflies for Will the same way it did for El.

Something about the two of them, side by side, wearing the sweaters they had stolen from him- it was just too much.

He ran. Mike had never been more thankful that he didn't share homeroom with any of his friends. It was just him and his impending crisis.

As always when she was back home from college, Nancy brought him fast food for lunch. He let his friends (those vultures, really) eat the meal his mom had packed, and went to sit in Nancy's car.

"So," He propped his feet up on the dashboard and took a bite of his burger. "You have two boyfriends."

Nancy froze mid-bite. "Who told you that? Do mom and dad know? Did they say anything?"

Mike shrugged. "I'm your brother. I just know these things."

"Okay. Yeah, I have two boyfriends. What about it?"

"I like El."

Nancy laughed, and covered her mouth with her hand.

"Yeah, Mike, I know. Everyone knows."

"I also like Will."

Nancy sobered up.

"In the same way?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. That's fine, Mike. Thanks for telling me. Does... does El like Will?"

She didn't ask if Will liked Mike. That was almost as obvious as Mike liking El.

"I don't think so. I think- well, I hope they both like me."

"Will doesn't like girls that way, so that means you have a shot at least." Nancy said.

That was pretty common knowledge too. He'd told Jonathon first, then Steve, so Nancy had found out.

He'd never withheld the information from his friends, no matter what the bullies at school did.

"Would that still work?" Mike asked. "It isn't like you guys."

"No, it's not. But I think the most important thing is if everyone agrees."

Mike heard the faint sound of the bell ringing, signifying the end of lunch. He took the last few fries he had left and hopped out of her car. "Thanks, Nance. I'll see you later."

"Hey, Mike!" He paused in slamming the door.

"Yeah?"

"Go get 'em." She winked, and he slammed the door shut.

~

Will snacked on the leftover fries. Technically, the three of them were skipping class. That, Will would remind you, is a technicality that could be excused because their teacher is too drunk on his left side

drawer alcohol stash to notice that they're gone.

It's just literature anyway, and that class is bullshit.

Mike leaned against the bleacher's support beam. He wasn't sure how to go about asking if either (or preferable both) of them wanted to date him.

He watched as El used her power to lift one of the weights the football players had left haphazardly under there, then used it to steal one of Will's fries.

He pulled the pack of tissues he had began to carry out of his pocket. He took one and rubbed it gently under El's nose, catching the tiny stream of blood. Mike watched them giggle as El knocked his hand away gently. He found himself struck by how easy this would be- the three of them, together. El and Will in his sweaters and him watching them just like this.

"What are you staring at?" Will kicked his ankle gently.

"The two of you." Mike winced. That was a little cheesy.

El laughed like she always does- in quiet little huffs and then suddenly loud and musical. Will blushed beside her.

"Would you... I mean, I want to know if you're okay with it and you don't have to answer right away but, would you like to ya know, date me?"

Will and El looked at each other, then at him. "Which one?" They asked at once.

"Umm... both?"

"Oh, thank God." Will said.

El laughed again. "You figured it out!"

"What, the two of you knew?"

"Duh!"

"We're like Jonathon and Steve and Nancy." Will smiled at both of them. "It's perfect. Of course we'll date you. Right, Mage?"

"Right."

Mike leaned against the post and watched the two of them, giggling and in their stolen sweaters.

"When did you guys get those out of my closet, anyway?"

**Author's Note:**

my tumblr is exysapphics! hope you enjoyed my fic!